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DAREDEVIL®

"Fall from Grace" Chapter 2

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

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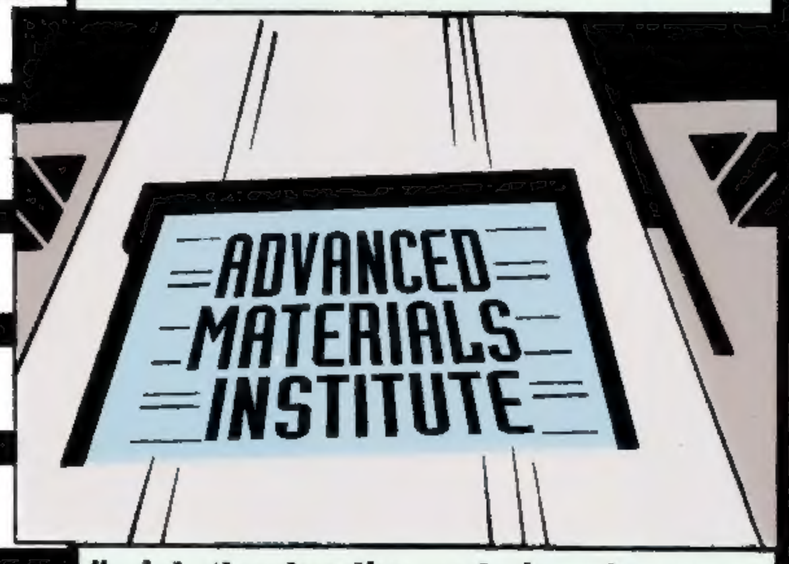
McDANIEL

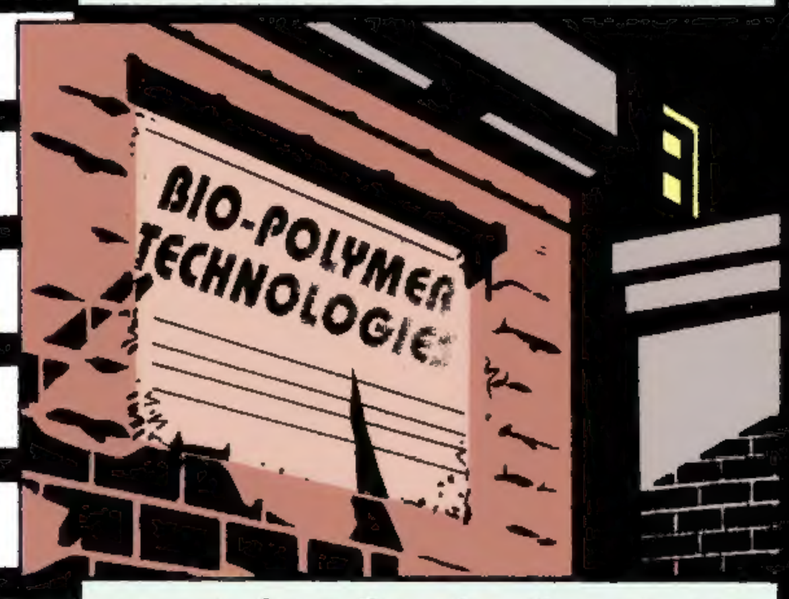
"...potential of biomimetics: imitating molecular make-up and manufacturing of biological materials.



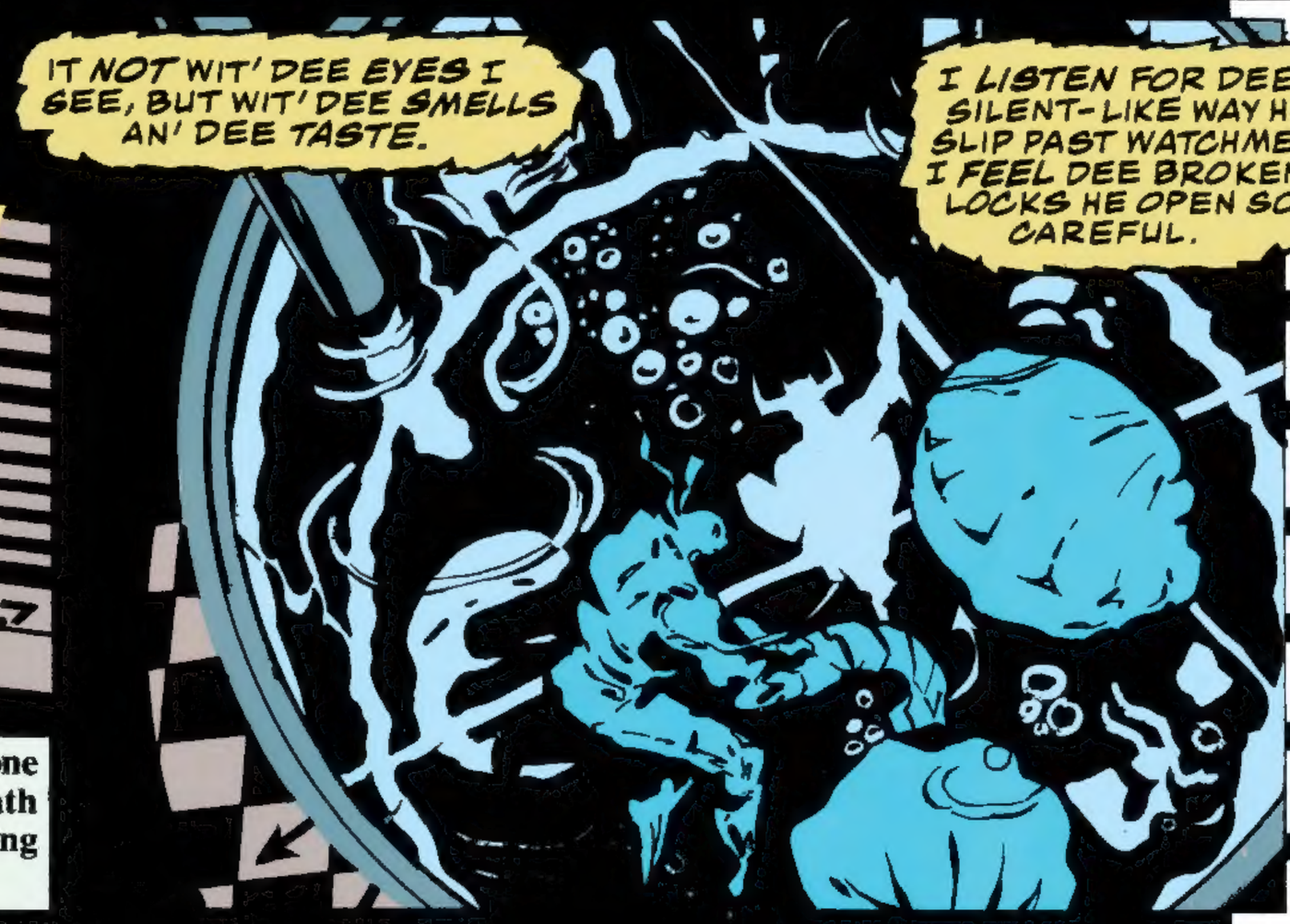
"...i.d. the dragline code in orb-weaver spiders. The result is genetically enhanced fabric, perfect for a soldier's protective gear.

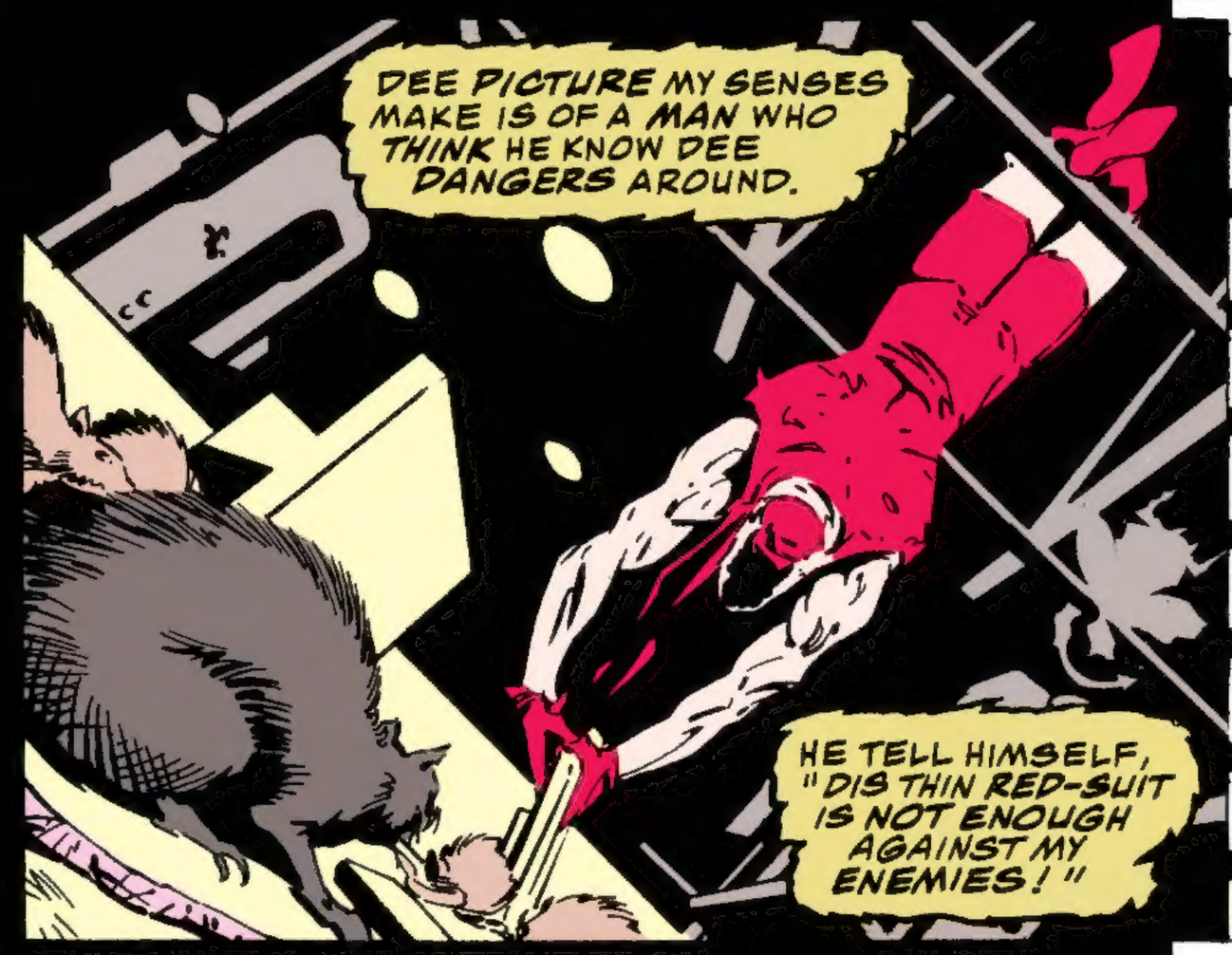
"...bricklike crystal pattern in abalone shell. A fissure takes a tortuous path through the layered structure, inspiring new kinds of armor.

"...protein molecule cables in rats' teeth, like twisted wire strands. Breaking individual strands still leaves the whole intact..."



excerpts from Dressing For The 21st Century: The World Of Materials Research, Dr. George Soidisant, Upstate Press, 1991





BACK IN DEE SMALL ROOM HE CALL HOME, A MACHINE HUMS AN APOLOGY.

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AN' IN DEE *HEAVY* BEAT OF HIS *HEART*, DEE RED-MAN MAKES *EXCUSES* FOR HIS *SINS*.

HE *REMIND* HIMSELF DAT A *WEAKNESS* IN BATTLE WOULD LEAVE DEE "*INNOCENTS*" WIT' *NO ONE* TO *DEFEND* DEM.

HE *TELL* HIMSELF WHAT HE DO IN HIS FAKE *RED-SKIN* AN' *HORNS* IS *IMPORTANT*.

HE *CONVINCE* HIMSELF DEE "*LITTLE MAN*" NEED A *PROTECTOR*.

DEE PRIDE, IT ALWAYS COME BEFORE DEE FALL.

STan Lee PRESENTS:

FALL FROM GRACE PART 2

TRANSGRESSION

All its inhabitants ascend to heaven right after their deaths, having served their full term in hades right on Manhattan Island.

Barnard Bulletin, September 22, 1967, paraphrased

by D.G. CHICHESTER & SCOTT McDANIEL
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letterer - BILL OAKLEY
colorist - CHRIS MATTHYS
editor - RALPH MACCHIO
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McDANIEL · COLLAZO · GARRAHY

DERE'S SOME'A DIS DAREDEVIL IN ME, COME ACROSS IN A VODUN DANCE HE DON'T REMEMBER--

--AN' I CAN NEVER FORGET.

HIS WORLD BE DARK AS MINE, ALL SOUND AN' SHAPE.

HIS EARS FOLLOW DEE RATTLE'A PEBBLES UP...

...BUT IT ONLY DEE BUILDING DAT ECHO BACK DOWN.

AN' WHILE HE BLIND TO ME, I WATCH HIM.

AN' I LEARN.

HE HUNT FOR A CRAZY MAN CALL HIMSELF EDDIE PASSIM, WIT' A MAGIC KNOW-HOW ALL HIS OWN--

--A VIRUS DAT CAN CHANGE WHAT IT INFECT, MAKING OVER FROM DEE INSIDE OUT.

DAT'S HOODOO I WANT FOR MY OWN--A RELEASE FROM DIS LIFE'A CHAINS, BEIN' SLAVE'A VOODOO PRIESTS PRAYIN' TO LAOS LIKE OGOUN.

GLITCH

SOON, MY FLESH AN' BLOOD ANSWER ONLY TO DIS REALITY ... AN' I BE FREE.

GOD HELP WHO GET BETWEEN ME AN' MY DESIRE.

'CAUSE DEE DEVIL'S ON DEE SIDE'A HELLSPAWN.

SAN FRANCISCO.

EVERY DELAY BRINGS THE HAND A STEP CLOSER TO FIND US SCREWING WITH THEIR PROPERTY, KENKOY!

THE VIRUS BELONGS TO NO ONE YET, NYEUNG. AND IF THE NINJA HAD EVEN A CLUE TO OUR PLANS, WE'D BE DEAD ALREADY!

ONCE WE HAVE "ABOUT FACE," WE'LL BE ABLE TO CREATE THE PERFECT HEROIN USER--

--EVERY BIT AS ADDICTED, BUT IMMUNE TO THE DRUG'S LETHAL QUANTITIES! AN EVER-GROWING BASE OF CASH-PAYING CONSUMERS!

AN APPROPRIATE... HONORARIUM... PAID TO THE SNAKEROOT WILL HELP IN THEIR OVERLOOKING ANY... IMPROPRIETIES!

MAYBE, KENKOY... AND MAYBE THE SNAKEROOT COMES FOR US IN THE NIGHT, ANYWAY!

YOU PROVIDED INFORMATION ABOUT THE VIRUS TO START WITH, "GENERAL"-- NOW IT'S TIME TO PROVIDE THE REAL THING!

ENLISTING SILVER SABLE'S ORGANIZATION TO TRACK EDDIE WAS A DEAD END-- I'LL CALL BACK SOON WITH A NEW STRATEGY!

YOU BETTER, OLD MAN!

SHRIIIT

MEANTIME, AT LEAST, THERE'S SOME PERKS TO THIS JOB!

HEY, WHAT'S--?

--STOP HEY HOLD UP!--

FWKRAAK

KISS-KISS!

BLAM BLAM

GUNS DON'T KILL PEOPLE, YOU KNOW-- PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE!

LET US SHOW YOU WHAT WE MEAN...

TO KNOW US IS TO LOVE US!

VENOM!

THE VIGILANTE IS A HALF NAMELESS ALIEN SYMBIOTE, HALF RIGHTEOUS FURY NAMED EDDIE BROCK.

THEIR VICTIMS ARE USUALLY LEFT WITH NOTHING TO SAY... OR AT LEAST NO WAY TO SAY IT.

BUT TOMMY NYEUNG WAS OF THE HAND, AND IN THE SMOKING DEATH OF THOSE SHADOW WARRIORS IS BOTH A FOUL CHILL--

--AND A MYSTIC RESONANCE.

--SOME DERELICT NAMED PASSIM? AND A "VIRUS" THAT ALTERS US ANY WAY WE WISH!

THE MEANS OF CONQUERING OUR WEAKNESS TO FIRE AND SOUND-- AND NEW OPPORTUNITY TO OVERSHADOW OUR CONTEMPTIBLE SPIDER-MAN!

IT'S IN OUR HEAD SHOWING US--

ZRAAK

THWIP

BUT FIRST...

...JUST SAY NO TO MORE HEROIN!

THESE LITTLE TOWN BLUES... ARE MELTING AWAY... WE'LL MAKE A BRAND NEW START OF IT...

IN OLD NEW YORK.

THE OFFICE OF HENRY "TNT" KENKOY, USMC, RETIRED.

I'M SORRY, SIR, I GET NO ANSWER AT 415-555-2279, LISTED TO NYEUNG, THOMAS--

DON'T GIVE ME ANY EXCUSES, OPERATOR, I WAS JUST SPEAKING TO HIM! CONNECT ME THROUGH BEFORE I--

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT--

SKRZZAK

NOW WHAT?!

SHURIKEN...

...NINJA.

NOT THE HAND... SO IT MUST BE THE CHASTE!

ALL RIGHT, "DEFENDER AGAINST DARKNESS"-- DO YOUR WORST!

AND THEN I'LL DO MINE...

THE URICH APARTMENT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.

--UNION STAND-OFF AT THE DAILY BUGLE, KEEPING KEY PERSONNEL OUT OF THE NEWS-PAPER'S OFFICES--

I BET YOU'LL BE HAPPY WHEN THIS IS OVER, DORIS!

NOT REALLY, BEN. I LIKE HAVING YOU AROUND... IT'S SOMEONE TO HOLD MY KNIT-TING WOOL!

--TURNAROUND AS PUBLISHER J. JONAH JAMESON CUT HIS OWN DEAL WITH UNION LEADERS--

--EFFECTIVELY DEFEATING FINANCIER COL-ONEL F.T. STRANG'S TAKEOVER PLANS FOR THE PAPER.

THANKS VERY MUCH!

YOU LOST YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR, NOW?

NO, PROBABLY JUST MY JOB!

BUGLE

SOUNDS OFF!

I SAY, I 'SAY I GOT NO COMMENT!

"COLONEL" STRANG'S BACK TO CHICKEN STAND OPENINGS, AND I'M WELCOMING BACK ALL BUGLE EMPLOYEES!

8 AM. SHARP! I'VE PUT IN A NEW TIME-CLOCK...

OH, SURE! SARA'S A REAL GO-GETTER...

EARLY START FOR YOU, BEN... BETTER GET TO BED.

I'M NOT TIRED YET...

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SLEEP... WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE!

MAYBE I'LL EVEN GO IN A LITTLE LATE... LEAVE THE FIRST-THING GRUNT WORK TO THIS NEW KID, SARA HARRINGTON!

CAN YOU TRUST HER TO THAT?

I GET WHAT I WANT, MR. URICH... AND WHAT I WANT IS WAITING FOR ME IN YOUR FILES...

...THE STORY THAT'S GOING TO MAKE ME THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT REPORTER IN THE CITY...

IN 1963, HARRY KENKOY WORE A GENERAL'S STARS, AND EDDIE PASSIM CARRIED A GOVERNMENT IDENTIFICATION CARD.

THE MILITARY MAN TAUGHT THE CIVIL SERVANT ABOUT COVERT OPERATIONS IN A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY...

...LESSONS BROUGHT INTO PLAY TWENTY YEARS LATER WITH A STOLEN MAINTENANCE UNIFORM AND SUPPLIES.

POLYSTYRENE PACKING MATERIAL--THOSE LITTLE FOAM PEANUTS--DISSOLVED IN ACIDIC CLEANING FLUIDS.

TINK

A MIX LIKE NAPALM.

BUT NOT AS NICE.

HELLO AGAIN, EDDIE.

WORD'S ALL OVER THE STREET YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR ME, GENERAL--

--YOU'RE ALL OVER THE WALLS WHEN I'M FINISHED--

KRAAM

--PLEASE GOD NO DON'T LET ME BE TOO LATE--

SEEMS YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH A SCORE TO SETTLE.

D-DON'T COME NEAR ME STAY AWAY!

HYPERSENSES TRACK THE MISSILE ON MULTI-LEVELS.

HEAT PULSES AGAINST SKIN. CHEMICALS SPLASH LOUDLY INSIDE THE GLASS, A GROWING CAUSTIC ODOR. RADAR STROBES POSITION.

MUSCLES PLUCK THE BOTTLE OUT OF MID-AIR LIKE IT'S STANDING STILL.

NOT--

--SO--

--FAST!

A LOT OF PRACTICE.

HOW'D YOU--?

MR. FIX IT

IT'S NO FAIR... I SHOULDA BEEN THE ONE TO HIT THE S.O.B., TO MAKE HIM HURT!

BUT I WAITED TOO LONG, TOO MANY YEARS... AN' NOW I'VE LET HER DOWN AGAIN...

A SUDDEN WAVE OF MENTAL AGONY.

THE WOMAN'S VOCAL CORDS ALREADY CUT, SILENCING HER FINAL SCREAM UNDER THE KNIFE.

THE MAN-- THAT WAS KENKOY, RIGHT?

BUT WHO WAS SHE?

THERESA... THERESA BELLWETHER.

SOMEONE... SOMEONE WHO LOVED ME.

THIS-- TELEPATHY OF YOURS, EDDIE... IT'S HURTING PEOPLE. FLARING UP OUT OF CONTROL, INFECTING OTHER HOMELESS... MAKING THEM BELIEVE THEY CAN PHYSICALLY CHANGE.

I CAME AFTER YOU TO HELP THEM. I'LL HELP YOU, BUT I'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND IT ALL. YOU AND THERESA AND THIS VIRUS YOU TALKED--

WHY GIVE YOU THE ANSWERS? I DON'T KNOW WHO...

DAREDEVIL.

SO YOU SAY. BUT WHY TAKE A CHANCE ON YOU?

GIVE AND TAKE, EDDIE?

I WAS JUST GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR "FRIEND," KENKOY --I BET YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW, TOO!

FINGERTIPS MAP THE PULL AND MAT OF CARPET FIBER.

A FIGHT--TWO PEOPLE, COMPLEX MOVES.

THE OFFICE REEKS WITH ITS OWNER'S SCENT AND TASTE-- SALTY SWEAT, COPPERY BLOOD.

KENKOY'S HIT --BUT NOT ENOUGH TO GO DOWN.

HANDS TRACING A STORY IN THE PANELING'S DENTS AND TEARS.

SHOULDER INTO THE WALL. HE ROLLS TO THE SIDE AS HIS OPPONENT ATTACKS WITH--

"--A SAI--"

--A SAI?

FEELING TRIGGERS MEMORY--

--WHITE-HOT AS HER TOUCH, SEARING AS THE PASSION THAT MARKED THEIR AFFAIR.

DON'T MEAN TO "EAVESDROP" --CAN'T HELP IT SOMETIMES.

WHO WAS SHE?

ELEKTRA... ELEKTRA NATCHIOS.

SOMEONE... SOMEONE WHO LOVED ME.

SHE'S GONE NOW, THAT IT? DEAD?

AN' MAYBE... MAYBE YOU THINK THINGS'D BE DIFFERENT IF YOU'D DONE SOMETHING BACK WHEN.

BUT I LET HIM USE HER TO COOK UP HIS SICKNESS--I WENT ALONG!--AN' FOR THAT I KNOW I'M DAMNED.

THERE'S DAYS I JUST WAIT FOR THE DEVIL HIMSELF TO COME AND DRAG ME DOWN.

TRKRAASH!

WAIT NO MORE!!

THE SOUND OF GLASS BREAKING, SAVAGE AND BRITTLE.

RADAR PULSES PAST FLYING SHARDS, VAINLY SEARCHING FOR THE HIDDEN CAUSE.

SOMETHING DEE MATTER, RED-MAN?

TWRAAK!

YOU HEAR MY VOICE--IF I LET YOU--

--DEE WHISPER OF THINGS UNDER-FOOT--

--BUT IT NOT BE ENOUGH, hmmm?

YOU A SLAVE TO DEE SMELL AN' TOUCH TRICKS DAT TAKE DEE PLACE' A YOUR EYES--

--AN' WIT'OUT DEM, YOU'S BLIND!

S-SAY AGAIN HOW YOU WERE GONNA HELP ME, DAREDEVIL...

WHAT ARE YOU?!

DEE HELLSPAWN'A YOUR BITTER HALF! WHAT YOU SEE IN DEE MIRROR... IF YOU COULD SEE!

GLTCHH!

WE SHARE DEE SAME DARKNESS. BUT TO YOU, IT BE A TRAP.

FOR ME, DEE PLACE FROM WHERE I STRIKE!

YOU--YOU CAN'T EVEN LOOK OUT FOR YOURSELF, "HERO"!

FWAAK!

--SO--

--FAST!

NOT--

I SURVIVED THE STREETS ALL THESE YEARS WITH NOBODY ELSE, I CAN STILL--

MY HOUNGAN IN DEE BAYOU WHISPERED YOUR NAME TO ME, EDDIE... BEFORE I KILLED HIM!

YOU KNOW DEE VIRUS I WANT, DIS "ABOUT FACE" --AN' YOU KNOW WHERE IT BE HIDDEN!

HIS JAW SHIFTS IN A SICKENING FASHION, NERVES RAGING IN PROTEST.

HE FOCUSES ON THE BLOOD--

--ALL HIS AND SO MUCH OF IT--

--DISTINCTIVE TASTE AND SMELL TO HELP CLEAR HIS HEAD.

EDDIE'S STRUGGLES REFLECT BACK, POINTING TO WHERE HIS CAPTOR STANDS ABOVE.

OH-SO CLEVER, RED-MAN...

...BUT YOUR BODY STILL SHOUTS AND STINKS! YOUR "QUICK MOVES" ARE FROZEN PICTURES INSIDE MY HEAD!

I SLIP BY LIKE YOU IS STANDING STILL!

PROMISE YOU WAIT FOR ME, EDDIE?

KRAAK

WHAT IS IT-- YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, "HELLSPAWN"?

EVERYT'ING YOU HAVE, RED-MAN-- ALL DEE T'INGS YOU TAKE FOR GRANTED!

I WEAR DEE SHACKLES'A VOODOO. EDDIE'S VIRUS WILL CHANGE ALL DAT-- CHANGE ME PHYSICAL-- AN' LEAVE ME FREE TO LIVE IN DEE REAL WORLD!

JUST WANT TO BE HUMAN, THAT ALL?

HNNGKK

WHERE AM I, BLIND MAN? WHERE?

YOU HAVE TO DO BETTER, OH YES!

FWIIK

AN' WHO SAID ANYT'ING ABOUT HUMANITY?

WEAK AN' DESPERATE, YOU ARE...

...BUT WARM AN' SWEET ON DEE TONGUE!

SPLIIT

I BE BACK TO DRINK MY FILL LATER, AFTER EDDIE AN' ME FIND DEE--

DON'T KNOW ABOUT "SWEET"... BUT IT SMELLS LIKE ME.

AND I CAN'T BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE!

IT-- IT NOT HEALTHY BEIN' SO CUNNING, RED-MAN.

FWOOSH

THANKS FOR THE CONCERN...

...BUT I FEEL GREAT!

HYPERSENSES PULSE, CONVERTING HEAT INTO A THERMOGRAM...

YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT, THOUGH!

...AND A TARGET.

FLAMES FLICKER OUT, THE IMAGE TURNING OBSCURE.

OR MAYBE YOU DO.

SORRY TO TAKE ADVANTAGE, BUT--

--HOW COULD I PASS UP AN OPPORTUNITY THIS GOOD?

ENJOY IT WHILE YOU CAN, DAREDEVIL! BLOOD WILL WASH CLEAN, DEE FIRE, IT GO OUT!

DEN WE WILL SEE CUNNING... AN' DEN I SEE YOU DEAD!

THE MEDIA SOMETIMES CALLS HIM "THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR"... BUT EVERYONE'S AFRAID OF THE DARK, IF ONLY A LITTLE.

DAREDEVIL SPENDS LONG MOMENTS, SENSING FOR SOMETHING BESIDES HIS AND EDDIE'S HEARTBEATS...

...AND HOPING IT REALLY IS ONLY THE TWO OF THEM IN ALL THAT BLACKNESS.

REST EASY NOW, EDDIE.

BUT WHEN YOU OPEN YOUR EYES, THEN IT'S TIME FOR SOME ANSWERS...

S.H.I.E.L.D., SUBSTATION 14.

7 KLICKS WEST, POINT TWO-FIVE KILOMETERS BELOW SKULL VALLEY, UTAH.

TAC.SYS.ENGAGE

SIM. RUNNING...

LIGHT A FIRE, MAN, WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!

I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW HALF THESE BLAMED SYSTEMS WORK! JUST BE GLAD THEY DO, SINCE YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT WENT DOWN WITH THE KIDNAPING.

SIMULATION'S, UM, FIGURING ANGLES BACK-WARD... FROM BLOOD STAINS, EQUIPMENT WRECKAGE, WHERE THE BODIES FELL.

ONE MAN DID THIS TO YOUR BOYS, BEFORE BREAKIN' OPEN THAT CYLINDER ...GOTTA ADMIRE THAT KINDA WETWORK!

YEAH, I'LL DANCE AN IRISH JIG LATER!

AND NO WASTE'A TIME BEFORE MAKING OFF WITH ONE GARRETT- COMMA- JOHN!

GAH

TAC.SYS.ENGAGE

SIM. RUNNING...

TELL ME SOMETHING, FURY. WHEN YOUR CHOP-SHOP REBUILT GARRETT INTO A CYBORG...

...DID YOU TELL HIM THE HEALTH PLAN WOULD BE A STORAGE BASEMENT SPIT-TING DISTANCE FROM THE OSMOND FAMILY?

JOHN GARRETT'S A BORDERLINE SOCIOPATH WHO NEVER SHOULDA WORN THE SHIELD UNIFORM! IF HE HADN'T GONE ROGUE, MAYBE HE'D STILL BE IN ONE PIECE!

TOP SECRET

GARRETT

JOHN

THE SAME COULD BE SAID OF A LOTTA MEN WHO WANTED TO SERVE THEIR COUNTRY, NICKY... LOOK AT WHAT'S LEFT'A ME.

IF THERE IS ANY JOHN KELLY IN HERE...

THE FACT YER WILLING TO *SERVE* IS WHY I CALLED YA IN.

LAST ELECTION OR SO, THE HAND GOES TO PLANT A RINGER IN THE WHITE HOUSE-- NAME'A *KEN WIND*-- GARRETT AN' A NINJA NAMED *ELEKTRA* STOP IT.

ABOUT A WEEK AGO, THE HAND HITS THE *PENTAGON*. THIS COMING ON TOP'A THAT IS TOO MUCH *COINCI-DENCE* FER ME.

WHAT WERE THE *BLACK HATS* LOOKING FOR, DROPPING IN ON THE *JOINT CHIEFS??*

THAT'S-- THAT'S STRICTLY ON A "*NEED TO KNOW*" BASIS...

I WANT YA TO *FIND GARRETT* --WHAT'S LEFT'A HIM-- AND *CONFIRM* THE *CONNECTION!*

SO WHAT'S IT GONNA BE, *SIEGE?* IN OR OUT?

ALL RIGHT, FURY, COOL YOUR JETS... I'M IN! YOU KNOW ME--

--I *NEVER* *PASS UP* THE CHANCE FOR A *GOOD WAR!*

THE STRONGHOLD OF THE SNAKEROOT.

SOMEWHERE UNSPEAKABLE.

I'm... I'm the president--

WHY-- WHY DOES HE KEEP SAYING THAT, LORD DAITO?!

GARRETT SUFFERS FROM DELUSION, GENKOTSU! HE CONTINUES TO BELIEVE HE BECAME THE HAND'S PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE...

...INSTEAD OF REMAINING TRAPPED IN HIS OWN BROKEN EXCUSE OF A BODY!

GARRETT'S MENTAL CONNECTION TO THE NINJA WITCH ELEKTRA WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIS SIMPLE MIND TO DEAL WITH!

SURELY THERE'S A BETTER WAY THAN THIS MADMAN, LORD DAITO!

AS-- FOND AS I'VE GROWN OF JOHN, LORD, I MUST ASK... WHY NOT SEIZE THE ONE CALLED MURDOCK?

HE HAS THE GREATEST EXPERIENCE WITH THE WOMAN WE SEEK!

YES, TEKAGI, MURDOCK WAS INTIMATE WITH OUR QUARRY. BUT THEY NEVER MERGED ON THE PLANE OF THE MIND...

...AS SHE FOOLISHLY DID WITH GARRETT!

BESIDES WHICH, MURDOCK'S ALTER EGO OF DAREDEVIL HAS LONG PROVED A DIFFICULT ADVERSARY...

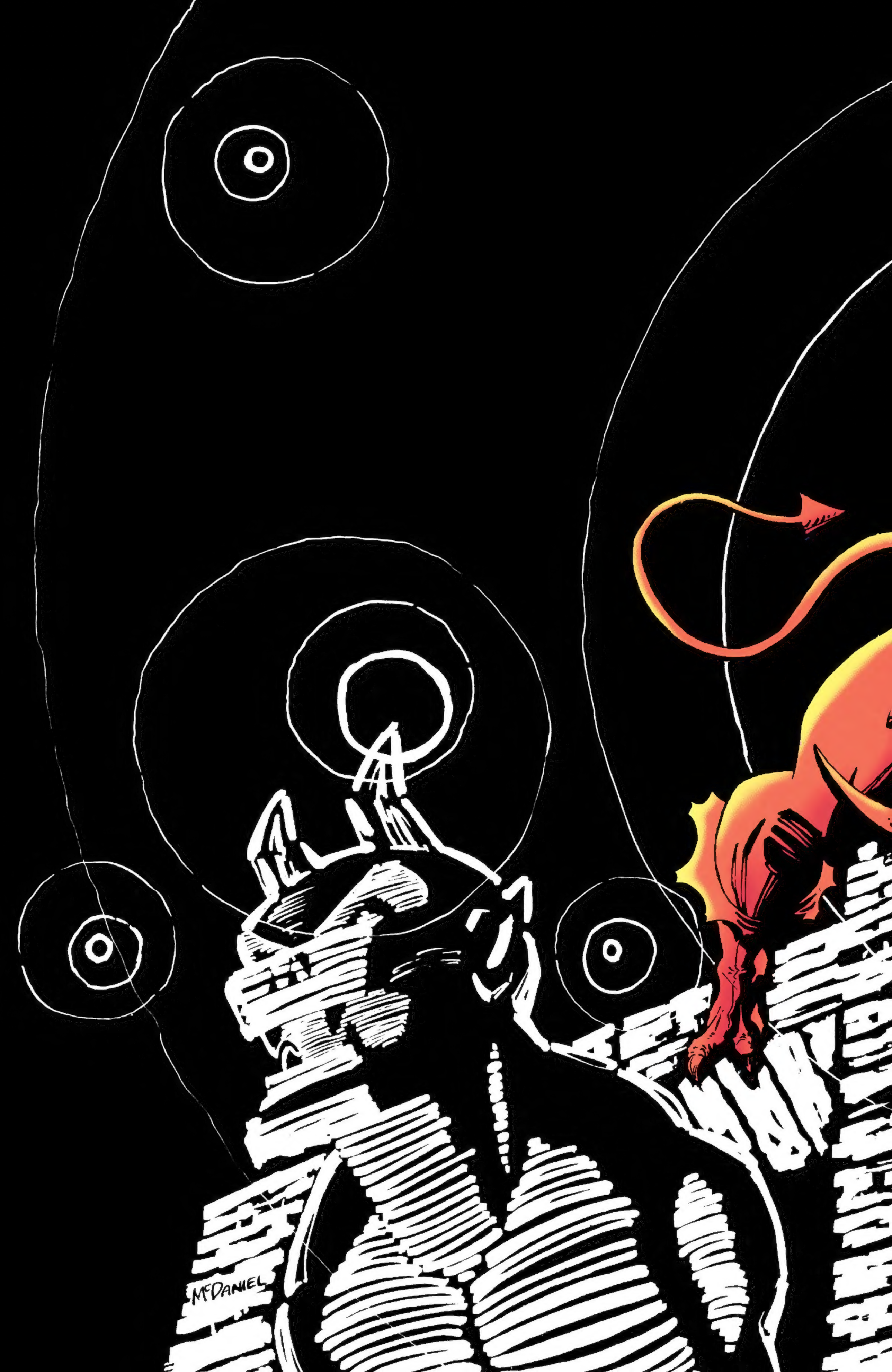
...AND WE WILL SUFFER NO DELAY IN WHAT WE DO HERE TONIGHT!

WITH HER ESSENCE-- AND THE VIRUS-- THERE WILL BE NO STOPPING THE NEW SHADOW WARRIOR WE CREATE!

ENOUGH TALK, TORTURER. THE TIME IS NOW. DO IT.

FIND ME ELEKTRA...
NEXT: SIEGE-- "CONFRONTATION!"

McDANIEL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